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SALARIES AND "THE RAISE."

That Boston clergyman who refuses an increase of \$1,000 a year in his salary places a painful emphasis on the distance between the pulpit and practical politics.

New York's place-holders have suffered in silence the imposition of salary raisings which have added millions to the yearly tax-rolls.

In the new book of martyrs the front pages will belong to the men who have strength not to refuse a good thing.

THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

Signed Editorials on Leading Topics of the Day by Recognized Authorities.

THE WOMEN WHO SWIM.

By JAMES E. SULLIVAN,
Paris representative of the A. A. U.

WIMMING among women has come rapidly into vogue during the last season. I believe that no exercise could be indulged in with such good results. I look forward to the time when all our public schools will install swimming tanks in their buildings and give lessons in swimming as part of their daily exercises. Surely nothing could be more beneficial. If all our children were taught to swim at an early age there would be fewer cases of drowning to be recorded every Summer.

As far as swimming for women is concerned, it is a pleasure to see so many of them taking it up. We hear frequently nowadays of long swims made by women which a few years ago would have been impossible.

The time has passed when the American girl is content to stand on the shore and watch men do the swimming. This is partly due to the feminine athletic tendency of the present age and to the teaching bestowed on young children by their parents. In every well-regulated and up-to-date household swimming has come to be as much of a necessity as dancing.

Apart from the pleasure derived from the exercise there is a world of good gained from it in physical strength. Doctors prescribe it as an aid to digestion and a help toward building up the muscles.

Salt-water swimming is of course better than fresh-water exercise. The salt water is more invigorating, and at the same time it is less liable to subject the swimmer to attacks of cramps.

In our seaboard cities there are now many baths for the use of the public. It is safe to say that in time every house which can afford it will have added to its fittings a tank for the use of those who find enjoyment in swimming. Thus this most fascinating art will not be confined alone to the Summer months, but will be practiced throughout the year.

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD

A Problem in Economy.
Readers, is there any way whereby a family of six persons, with healthy appetites, can live well (eating good steak, roast beef, fruit, etc.) on less than \$50 per week? And if so, kindly tell how. R. C.

One Denial.
In answer to "Gody's" letter asking the difference between Socialism and Anarchy, I would say that a Socialist believes in an equitable distribution of wealth, to be brought about by the ballot. The Anarchist believes in the same thing, to be brought about by the bullet. Yours truly,

JOHN CONWAY.
Wants Stamp Filtration.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Would some of your readers please inform me what is the meaning of the different positions of postage stamps on envelopes? JOHN WILLIAMS.

Great Sailors, the Japs.
The Japanese are fine sailors. The nation has possessed a navy for about thirty years, and in all that time, it is said, has not lost a single ship owing to faulty seamanship. One, a cruiser, built in France for Japan, was lost while under French command on her way out from Europe.

Mrs. Ayer will answer questions—
On MONDAYS, about the Baby.
TUESDAYS, of Perplexed Lovers.
WEDNESDAYS, of Unhappy Wives and Troubled Husbands.
THURSDAYS, of Beauty Seekers.
FRIDAYS, of Inquiring Housekeepers.
Letters without names and addresses will not receive attention. The names are not for publication. Write on one side of paper only.

Massage for a Delicate Baby.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I have a very sickly baby. She has had gastric trouble almost ever since she was born.
She is fifteen months old and so thin and white looking it breaks my heart to look at her.
The doctor says massage would help her, but I am too poor to pay for treatments. Couldn't I give her

Laura Jean Libbey



WOMEN WHO LIKE LIFE IN A HOTEL.

There are many kinds of women to be seen in a day's sojourn at any one of the principal hotels, but you can always readily discern the all-the-year-round, regular boarder. She sails into the dining-room with an air of proprietorship easily recognizable, nods familiarly and patronizingly to the head-waiter, holds a light dialogue with the waiter who seats her, and settles down at last with a great deal of fuss and ceremony in the chair, which she always keeps decorated with fresh ribbons.

It is her especial delight to hear the transient guest at some other adjacent table order fruit such as she is feasting on, only to be informed by the polite waiter that the fruit referred to is for the private use of Mrs. Board-so-only, and that the hotel furnishes only apples or grapes that morning.

She finds immense satisfaction in staring at newcomers through her longnetts, and passing remarks concerning them to those at her table.

She is usually "plump from good feeding," makes away with all the dainties on the bill of fare, and sends out her plate a second or third time for more of the viand which suits her taste.

The regular boarder takes full possession of the parlor after dinner, and stares askance at the timid stranger who comes in, thereby interrupting her interesting letter to some friend, as though the intruder were anything but welcome.

And as for gossip, trust the woman who boards at a fashionable hotel the year round to take the lead. She has as little to do as the lilies of the field, and must employ her time and her thoughts somehow, even if it is in trying to out-gossip the affairs and stirrings of the town.

She is vain and frivolous in nine cases out of ten, fond of pomp and show, with no love for home life and the tender peaceful quietness of the family fire-side, which make other women's lives hallowed and blessed.

Most of the regular boarders at hotels are women who are childless, and are well pleased that the to them weary crown of motherhood does not rest upon their brows. They have neither time nor patience for the rearing of children, and household duties are to them intolerable.

There are a few women quite alone in the world, whose force of circumstance blinds to this kind of a life, and for them the woman who sits by her own fireside must needs feel pity blended with sweet compassion, for if there is a lurking vein of too high spirits in a woman's composition, living at a fashionable hotel the year round will bring its punishment to the fore.

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by arrangement with the Family Story Paper.

HARTE AND THE WAITRESS

Bert Harte has been so long a resident of Great Britain, says the Saturday Evening Post, that the days of his early fame, when he was a writer and when from time to time he appeared in lecturing platforms, seem very far away.

He still loves to tell anecdotes of those early days, and among his stories is one of the time that he lectured at the famous New England town of Concord, Mass.

On the morning following his lecture he went down into the dining-room of the inn, with his mind full with thoughts of the men who had made the name of Concord so widely famous.

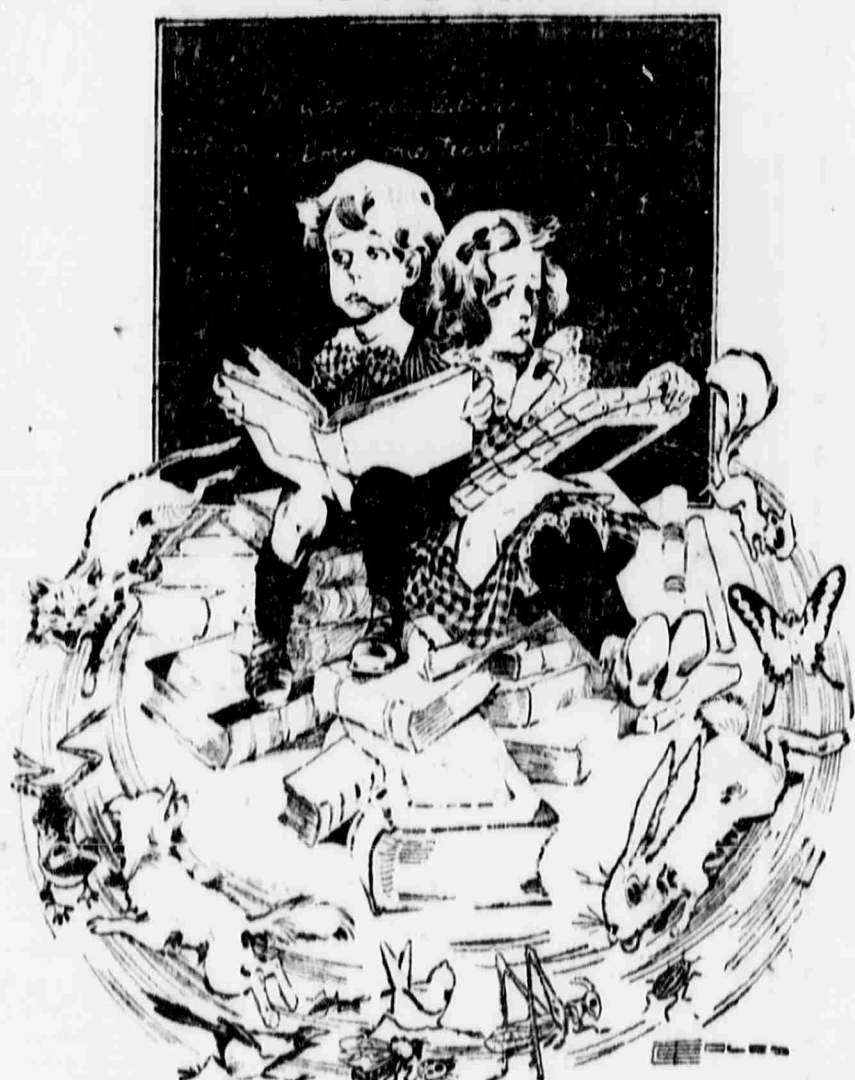
He looked dreamily from the window, fancying Hawthorne and Emerson and Thoreau and Alcott as they once paced along that village street. He was wrapped up in thoughts of the past that he forgot the present, and did not notice that a slim young woman waiter was standing patiently beside him.

When she saw that at length she was observed she rattled out, swiftly and without a break between the words:

"Mush, coffee, tea, ham, eggs, and butter. I enjoyed your lecture last night very much, Mr. Harte, there was a very select audience."

MATTERS THAT POINT THE WAY TO A LAUGH.

SCHOOL AGAIN!



Some of the vacation-time sufferers indulge in a grand, glad gambol.

ALL POLITES.

There'll be no wicked rioting.
When that ice-cream takes place,
Each to the other, passing by,
Will give the frozen face.

A WORD NOT NEEDED.



"To describe the condition of a man who wishes to drink we have the word 'thirsty.' It is strange that we have no word to describe his condition when he ceases to be thirsty."
"H'm! When a man ceases to be thirsty he couldn't pronounce the word if there were one!"

WEALTH NECESSARY.

Here is a truth the sages tell.
Of this well game of golf:
If at the game you'd get on well,
You first must be well off.

SHOWING IT.



Squash—Wafferson seems all cut up since he lost his other half.
Pumpkin—Yes, he looks quite seedy.

The Day's Love Story



"It is useless for you to talk to me, mother, about marrying Radway Prescott. I shall not see him when he calls!"

"Then you are very foolish; although he isn't as well off as Elmer Goodwin, he is more of a man!" Mrs. Metcalf smiled as she ushered Radway into the sitting room, but her manner changed as she noticed the disturbed look in the young man's face.

"I am sorry, Mr. Prescott, that you are to be disappointed this afternoon, but Gertrude has gone out." "Which way did she go and how long has she been gone?" he returned, rising and taking his hat, "for I must see her."

"She went just as you came, out through the orchard," Mrs. Metcalf replied, gazing up into the blue eyes looking so earnestly into hers, but before she could speak another word he was gone.

The following day was beautiful, and in the afternoon cool breezes played through the trees and blew sang merrily in the branches. Unmindful of all the beauty that was around him, Radway Prescott walked down one of the lanes near Gertrude's home.

"Good afternoon, Gertrude," he said gayly. A smile like a June morning greeted him, but it gradually changed to December, as did her tone when she replied: "Good afternoon, Mr. Prescott. I thought it was you—She paused and the color rose in her cheeks. "I am sorry, Gertrude, if I cause you displeasure. Does my presence annoy you?"

"Oh, no, not exactly annoy, but—" "But what, Gertrude? Tell me; I want to know. Can't you love me?"

With an indignant glance she replied, "Mr. Prescott, I thought you understood that long ago. No, I can never become your wife."

"Then there is no hope, Gertrude—not a ray?" She shook her head. "None whatever."

He bowed his head with a sigh. By this time they had arrived at the boat-house, in which direction Gertrude was going. "And now that I have an engagement to go on the lake, I must leave you. Do not think about me any more. Good-by."

With a smile she left him just as Elmer Goodwin came out of the boat-house.

Prescott had gone but a few steps when he heard a scream. Turning, his eyes took in the situation at a glance. Pulling off his coat, he untied a rowboat, seized the oars, and while others stood breathless upon the shore, Radway was rowing rapidly toward the rescue.

When within fifty feet of the accident he caught a glimpse of a man swimming toward the shore, leaving the woman to battle for her life. But not long, for soon he had her safe in the boat and starting for the shore.

He bore Gertrude to a carriage. As he turned to give directions to the driver, Elmer Goodwin, dripping wet, stepped to his side.

"Thank you for saving her," he said, extending his hand; "but I couldn't save myself and her, too."

Radway looked at him but an instant. "You are a coward! I don't shake hands with such!" And stepping into the carriage he rode off.

One month after the accident, as Gertrude sat upon the piazza with Radway, she placed both her hands in his. "I want to tell you something!"

He clasped her hands lovingly. "What is it?"

She did not speak for a moment; then she raised her eyes, looked in the sad yet noble face and said: "Radway, I have learned that riches cannot make happiness; I was foolish; but what happened has changed my whole life—and me. Can you accept my love?"

He did not answer, but drew her closer to him. "Gertrude," he began, "heaven sent me to save you for my own, and you shall be!" As he finished he raised her face to his and kissed her tenderly.

SLIGHT MOURNING TOILET.



Toilet for slight mourning of black groundine, with a trimming of black silk embroidery in an undulating design on the front and the foot of the skirt. The front is bordered by a plaited volant of black silk muslin, ending in a similar volant headed by a narrow ruching.

The bodice ends behind in a small basque; the half belt of black satin is carried from beneath the arm. The plastron of white muslin is finely tucked.

FALL SHIRT WAISTS ARE ELABORATE.



The left-hand figure of this group, showing the new shirt waists for Fall wear, is composed of cream flannel, embellished with clusters of tucks and stitched bands.

The upper sleeve decoration of clustered tucks is another little touch that will distinguish this year's shirt waists from those of last.

The central waist, of cream lanedowne, shows the bolero so smart just now, garnished with a tiny edge of sable. The same for trims the collar and sleeves.

Cream inserting, with a full shoulder drapery of Liberty, fastened with tiny gilt buckles, completes the trimming scheme.

The odd confection on the right is of black peau de sole, cut in scallops over a broad cinchure to give a bolero effect. Blushings above the bust are filled in with white chiffon puffs and ornamented with cream-colored lace appliques.

The sleeve extends up the shoulder seam in raglan effect, and is finished around the hand in the prevailing lingerie fashion.

WISDOM OF THE BABIES.

AUNT MARY—Now, candidly, Margie, don't you think you have eaten enough pudding?
Margie (aged four)—Well, I may think so, Aunt Mary, but I don't feel so.

MAMMA said three-year-old Flossie, "I guess you don't know much about raising children, do you?"

"Why do you think that?" asked her mother. "Because," replied the little miss, "you always send me to bed when I'm not sleepy and make me get up when I am sleepy."

A LITTLE schoolgirl was told by her teacher to write the word "ferment" on her slate, together with the definition and a sentence in which the word was to be used. The following is the result:

"Fer-men-t; a verb, signifying to work. I love to do all kinds of fancy ferment."

"Tell me where the Lord is, my little man," said the minister to a bright little fellow, "and I'll give you a penny."

"You tell me where he isn't," replied the youthful philosopher, "and I'll give you two pennies."

HE'D FIGHT FOR THE LAND.

A COLLIER wandering on some land belonging to Earl D—chanced to meet the owner face to face. His Lordship asked the collier if he knew he was walking on his land.

"Thy land! Well, I've got no land myself," was the reply, "and I'm forced to walk on somebody else's. Whar did you get it from?"

"Oh," exclaimed the Earl, "I got it from my ancestors." "And whar did they get it from?" inquired the collier.

"They got it from their ancestors." "And whar did they get their ancestors got it from?" "They fought for it."

"Ah, well," said the collier, squaring up to the Earl, "come, and I'll fight thee for it."—Tit-Bits.

The Cow Fell Through.

A cow stood under the shade of a tree in the suburbs of Joplin, Mo., chewing her cud and fighting flies when the earth parted and the cow disappeared. The cow had been standing over a drift from a mine, which caved in.

GENEROUS EMPEROR.

One of the invariable habits of the German Emperor is to send the game that he shoots as presents to the various Ambassadors accredited to his court, or to Ministers and great dignitaries of his household.

While ago he gave directions that a particularly fine boar, which he had laid low with his rifle, should be sent to the Turkish Ambassador, entirely forgetting that the latter's religion prohibited his eating the flesh of swine, although the animal was shot while in the wild state.

His Excellency accepted the gift, for he considered of course that it would be discourteous to refuse an imperial gift, or to draw the attention of the monarch to the mistake that he had made.

He thought, however, that there was no reason why he should not turn an honest penny by it, for Turkish diplomats are generally in a chronic state of financial difficulties. Accordingly he sold it to a game dealer, who hung it up in his shop window and embellished it by a large placard, *guy* with ribbons, upon which was written that this superb animal had been shot by His Majesty the Emperor.

Inquiries made by court officials brought to light the little financial transaction which had taken place between the Turkish Ambassador and the game dealer.

HARRIET • HUBBARD • AYER • TO-DAY • ANSWERS • QUESTIONS • ABOUT • THE • BABY.

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The doctor says massage would help her, but I am too poor to pay for treatments. Couldn't I give her

massage from your advice? Please tell me how and I shall be so grateful. Mrs. J. A. S.

You kindly advise a young mother what is a suitable material for a girl baby's short cloak? Are the baby's cloaks made of cashmere or one of the elderdown fabrics, which are light and inexpensive and do not require lining. The cashmere or merino cloak would, of course, require a quilted silk and washed lining. If you will inquire at a large shop they will certainly show you a number of light, warm textiles peculiarly appropriate for infants' wraps.

It is a little difficult to suggest a house gown of washing material for the Winter season. I saw a little house dress last Winter worn by a young mother, who was situated very much as you are, and

the rubbing, and then without being roused should be loosely covered with a light flannel sheet and allowed to rest as long as she will.

Baby's Cloak.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
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I should also like to ask you what are suitable materials for house dresses for a mother with a baby. I am boarding.

THE pique fleece-lined cloaks are worn in moderate climates as late as November. After that the baby's cloaks are made of cashmere or one of the elderdown fabrics, which are light and inexpensive and do not require lining. The cashmere or merino cloak would, of course, require a quilted silk and washed lining. If you will inquire at a large shop they will certainly show you a number of light, warm textiles peculiarly appropriate for infants' wraps.

It seemed to me quite the ideal gown under the circumstances. The dress was composed of dark blue challis or delaine, with a small white polka dot. It was made very simply, with a French waist, relieved by a little white lace and white satin ribbon, which were occasionally changed for net or even a pale green.

The skirt of the gown was trimmed with a graduated plaited ruffle, and the little mother, who wore it constantly during the Winter season, always looked particularly dainty and pretty in this very simple toilet.

Food Does Not Agree.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I have a baby girl five months old. She is very bright and lively but keeps so small and thin. I am giving her the barley flour cooked in water besides nursing, but do not think it sufficient food, as the child seems to be hungry all the time. Please advise me what to do.

TRY this mixture: Top milk, three or four table-spoonsful, the same amount of barley water and one lump of sugar, or you might use boiled cow's milk and add three table-spoonsful of cream and the barley water and sugar. I think the baby will do better on that, perhaps, than on any of the mixtures. If

the food does not agree with the baby try something else.

Banish the Condensed Milk.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
My baby is eight months old and has seven teeth since she was seven months old. She has been quite thin all Summer. Do you think it is on account of her teeth or am I not feeding her properly? I feed her on the prepared barley and condensed milk.

To make the barley I use one quart of boiling water and three table-spoonsful of barley and boil it fifteen minutes. Then I strain it and put it on the ice. Each time I feed her I give her six ounces of the barley and one table-spoonful of the milk. I feed her every two to two and a half hours.

SHOULD stop giving the baby condensed milk at once. We found in our work among the sick babies this Summer that almost all of those who were in a dying condition were being fed upon condensed milk. Your baby should not be fed often than once in three hours, and she should never be given more than five or six ounces at a feeding. She should not be fed during the night, or at least not at 11 o'clock at night till 5 or 6 in the morning. Barley water really should be made twice a day. And the

barley should not be boiled. The best recipe is as follows:

Pour a half pint of boiling water over a teaspoonful of well crushed barley, or of prepared barley; stand the jug by the fire for at least an hour, stirring frequently. Then strain through a piece of fine cheese cloth or muslin. I think if you try the baby on feeding for which I have given you recipe it will agree with her. If it does not you must try something else.

I think you could give the baby six ounces at a feeding, and she should not be fed often than once in three hours at her age. You might alternate one of the prepared foods with the mixture, giving, say, her first meal at 7 o'clock in the morning, as follows: Milk, thirteen table-spoonsful; cream, one table-spoonful; milk sugar, one table-spoonful; filtered water, two table-spoonsful. The second meal the same at about 10 o'clock, with the addition of one table-spoonful of prepared food.

An Uncomfortable Catch.
John Fisher, down in Romney, W. Va., halsted a forty-pound turtle into his skin, and the reptile proceeded to chase him out of that, biting the while like a popular prize audience when the villain kills the suffering heroine in the neck.